

ⁱ Hundreds of degenerate meth-people did the stupidest crimes, with me as the victim of all of it, constantly for many years, and I have no idea why law enforcement continues to allow them. This has been going on for almost five years, despite many calls to lawyers, law enforcement, missives to politicians, pleas to journalists, and national attention from a few Hollywood people---

I moved into an apartment on 241 e 1st ave mesa 85204 in February 2021. I noticed that the upstairs neighbor(Kayla) seemed to be spying on me as soon as I moved in. I ignored her, and she left me alone until I used meth many months later, and then she seemed to lose her mind. I heard her trying to convince neighbors, property management, and the police that I had done meth. They all seemed to think it was funny that this schizophrenic woman cared about a person doing a drug, in one of the most heavily drug-addicted areas around, nick-named "meth alley". There were people doing and selling meth and fentanyl publicly all around the area, in open-air drug markets, and homeless people everywhere. This area, full of trailer parks and roach motels, has been notorious for many decades for being where you go to pickup drugs and hookers. My family went there to buy drugs in high school, and me and my friends went there to buy weed in high school.

She then had a man come in to help with her project, to add hacking to her spying program, right when the property management was raising prices by 25%. I started looking for a better place to live, closer to work, and found a cheap 2-bedroom. The application was accepted immediately for 218 S Doran Mesa Az 85204, and I moved in looking to rent the other room. I found someone on an app to rent the room to, but he was hardly ever around. The neighbors at the new place seemed to fit the description of an incestuous in-bred family I had heard about 17 years earlier, from a friend, Brian Gallimore, from high school. He said that he had been evicted because a family of in-breeds had smoked weed with him, and then they had him evicted for smoking weed. We later found out that he had knocked up the sister, named Tanya¹, and her Brusband, Tony¹, was not too haⁱppy about it. I suppose he is sterile, and can't do it himself. Apparently they are twins, and the whole family is in-breeds from the trailer park nearby. My friend had said that they were "saying weird stuff through the walls"(gas-lighting³). Cheap apartments have thin walls, and I didn't know what he meant. He came out of that living situation with alcoholism, bulimia, and self-harm.

He didn't want his child to be raised by creepy, methy, in-bred trailer people, but fathers have no rights in these situations. The first thing I saw when I showed up to the new apartment was a 16-year old girl, who was a spitting image of my friend from high school. An internet search years earlier had said that Brian was now deceased, but no other info was given. I then noticed that I had just signed a lease with the worst property management company in the state(Atlas Property Management). The local news had covered this company multiple times. The reporter had said that the landlord may be organized crime, making money off of fraudulent evictions, and gas-lighting tenants. They charge twice as much as everyone else for broken leases and evictions, and seem to be driving people out as a way to make money. The Arizona courts had to revise the eviction rules in order to prevent this company from doing what they do, by requiring more evidence about claims people made about their neighbors.

The schizophrenic Asian lady from my previous apartment had followed me there, and her and the in-breeds went back and forth between the two apartments above mine constantly. They had called my employer, the landlord, and the police to try to ruin my life. There was an apartment above mine that was used for this harassment, spying, stalking and attempted murder racketeering campaign. They all went back and forth between the two apartments constantly without keys or knocking. They were all running around, spying on my apartment, trying to get me evicted. People at work, and at the local

bars, started talking about the delusional things this woman came up with. The woman and the in-breds were so mentally deranged, that it all seemed like a prank. No action was taken by me, my employer, or local law enforcement, due to the absurdity of these people or public corruption.

There was another person named Johnny Scully that came to help them often, that I later learned was a family member of the In-breds. Nobody that I ever saw came around to knock or visit at either of the apartments above mine except a drug-runner from the roach motel down the street. That man on a bicycle named christopher was a constant visitor there, and he had a sense of deference to the in-breds apartment as if that was a mob boss location.

One time an old person with a cane came to the apartment above mine, and both apartments above mine had cleared out beforehand, I assume that was the leader of the situation. The best-trained dog I have ever seen was a Rhodesian Ridgeback owned by the people in the apartment above mine (220 S Doran). The people of this neighborhood trained a dog on my scent to attack me but I assumed it was just a misbehaving neighbor dog at the time. Later at the Glendale apartment there was another attack dog trained on me, but Animal Control apprehended that one underneath my apartment window, I never assumed people would do any of these things.

The in-breds bragged about getting people kicked out with accusations about someone being a meth-dealer, and the “crime prevention act” in Arizona allows landlords to evict people from false accusations. The in-bred family then started to put stolen property, cigarette butts, and their own dog poop near my front door. They even made a mess changing their oil, took pictures of it, and sent the pictures to the landlord, claiming I had done it. These people bred father-daughter incest pit bulls and sold them, to represent, justify, and promote the abuse that had led to their creation. The local Hispanic community used them to do the things that were too distasteful to do themselves. The mother of the twins(Terry¹) was a part of a local group that was basically a protection racket. These women were shielding criminals from search warrants, swatting people who they deemed to not belong in the neighborhood, and using children to frame people. They had adults in vehicles, and children on bicycles to stalk and report back on my activities, also known as gangstalking.

The in-bred family had drug-runners going from the local roach motel to the storage unit in my complex. There were lookouts, and people signaling audibly when police drove by. The street was a long cul-de-sac with these people guarding the entrance. The people of this neighborhood seemed to all know each other, and moved freely between the complex, and the adjoining neighborhood by jumping over the walls between them. The in-bred family had already tried to get their daughter to falsely accuse me, but a neighbor had reported that to the Mesa PD. These in-breds broke into my vehicle to replace the small amount of meth I had with research chemicals, in order to make it appear that I was overdosing on something. They got the neighborhood women to swat me, to try to get the Tempe PD to have me apprehended that night.

Growing up, I heard several stories about September’s bar. The old crew of Gary and Tina Gray, Ramon Quezada, Bob and Mary, and Dan and Gail Leonard drank there with Peggy as the bartender. At my mom’s house in Chandler in 1998, my first girlfriend, Shawna Manecke, met my two sisters, Carly and Julie, and my mom Gail. Shawna was friends with Nicole Johnson(my step-sister) and Michael and Brian Gallimore.

I moved in with Michael Gallimore on Country Club Dr when I was 21. His brother Brian moved in with us shortly after, saying a family of in-breds down the street had got him evicted. Brian later found out that he had gotten Tanya pregnant, and then found out she was in an incestuous

relationship with her twin brother Tony. Brian said these neighbors were saying crazy things through the wall(gaslighting), and he had started drinking heavily, had bulimia and was doing self-harm. I believe Brian lived in the exact same bedroom I ended up in at 218 S Doran, where he encountered Terry and her demon spawn. The first thing I saw when I stepped out of the U-Haul on Doran street, 17 years later was a girl that looked exactly like Brian, and Tony later said something about me possibly being there to avenge Brian.

Ramon said my parents first met at September's. When Ramon found out I lived on country club and 8th ave, he was concerned, and warned me not to move to the Main st and Stapley area. He had known people on Pepper place by Main st, and had apparently heard horror stories about what went on in this area.

My Mom and her sister Becky both visited my apartment and commented, upon entering this neighborhood, that this was where they went to pick up drugs in High School. I also had come here numerous times in high school to the roach motels to buy weed.

The only person from work I hung out with outside of work was Amy. We went to September's once, and she was later asked to check up on me the first time I was poisoned. There was a bunch of Tempe cops that night waiting for me with a roadblock a few hundred feet from an apartment building that me Gail and Carly had lived in years earlier on 505 W Baseline rd. All of my friends from high school hung out and did drugs and alcohol on many occasions in that apartment complex over many years. I took the city bus to both high school and tech school from that Kyrene and Baseline corner.

Years later, when I was homeless, I stashed my bags on Carly and Hailey's patio there. Mike, Brian and all of my Corona Del Sol friends are familiar with Gail and my family through partying at Gail's Chandler house and her Tempe apartment.

I heard on the local news several times about Atlas, a terrible property management company that was possibly organized crime. They said this company may be gaslighting tenants. I later heard a story from the same journalist that storing fertilizer bags inside was deadly, due to Co2, even though the number of bags found couldn't possibly be enough to kill people, not knowing at the time they were piping soda fountain tanks through the walls.

The company that I deliver papers for is the same local news channel as the show that mentioned Atlas Property Management, gaslighting, and Co2 hypoxia. All of my managers could easily contact the journalists who are familiar with this, and these criminals tried to get my coworkers to help them with their murder plot. They also tried to gaslight my roommate to assist in their murder plot.

Some old acquaintances of my parents seemed to be showing up at bars around there giving me weird looks. The random patrons of bars around Mesa kept talking about Pedophiles and meth dealers. The random neighbors around me in Mesa did too. My sisters had tried to gaslight our friends and family, many years before, into thinking I was a pedophile. Dan had tried to gaslight his family into thinking that I was a meth dealer. That is why I cut off all contact from my family.

The closest bar to my mom's house is Fuzzy's, and the people there were talking about someone trying to gaslight his roommate into shooting him.

The bar called Runners, down the street from my Mom's house in Sun City West, is owned by Phil Marcus, who also owns of the bar in which I was poisoned twice, The Hambone. Regulars at Runners include Doug, Kathy And Cory. My dad and Ramon have known Bob, Mary, Doug, Kathy and Cory for many years, and I have met them all at various family gatherings. Other bartenders in Glendale, Surprise and Prescott seemed to be aware of who I was and what was going on. Many people knew my name, or old nickname, without us being introduced. My grandpa Jim Hablutzel and his Wife Glenna used to talk about the Hambone when I was a child.

Jim Hablutzel, Gail's dad, got Dan a job at Air Research in the 70's, where Dan originally met Gary Gray and Ramon. I tried to get my sisters to check to see what was going on on Facebook, and to talk to my aunt Becky Rhoades. I believe she used to know Ramon, and I tried to get everyone together when Jim died. I hoped everybody would work together to figure out what to do about this situation. They were all ignoring me, or had my number blocked.

When I was poisoned a second time, a man showed up at the hospital with a Tactical Operations Unit officer, trying to convince the Lead Doctor that I was a danger to myself or others, in order to institutionalize me. I believe that man stole my power of attorney and orchestrated all of this. That man had two other Hispanic men with him, one of which was the size of an NFL lineman. I believe the lawyer uses that man to hold people down to inject them with cathinones. The local hospital updated their policy in the middle of this, for intake, to include the question "do you have a medical power of attorney?".

I have many family members that were in the Air Force, and that branch uses thermal surveillance equipment, as do Police. My sister Carly was in the Air Force, tried out to be a cop, and worked in the Department of Child Services throughout this situation. She quit her job right after this situation was dealt with, so I believe she may have helped deal with it.

One of the many times I was poisoned by someone placing research chemicals in my drink, I drove to Diamonds, a bar in Mesa. Gary, Ramon, and Dan used to drink there, back when it was called Sluggo's. I believe I visited that bar/restaurant a couple of times when I was a child, because it was down the street from the minor league baseball field on Centennial Way. My aunt Becky lives across the street from that bar now.

I tried to better my lot in life many times over the decades with ideas of careers or anything that would put me in a better situation. Getting sober and trying to achieve something had no effect on my life. I thought I was waiting for something to happen, but I never knew what exactly. I suppose if I had achieved anything, I never would have ended up in the worst neighborhood around, with no friends or family. Someone had to be in that exact room, at the exact time that the government was looking into this group of criminals. That someone had to look like the perfect target for these people, and also be resistant to the specific tactics they use. I seem to have perfect recall for things involved in this, without remembering other things very well.

I dodged homicidal maniacs many times, I survived multiple poisonings and attempted shootings, and even drove several miles in traffic through turns and intersections, while completely asleep without any problem.

People in the local public parks were selling drugs to the kids and homeless people and all of these people were committing felonies in broad daylight 24-7, with complete disregard for prosecution. They went out of there way to be loud and obvious about their conduct, as a way to

“flex” about the level of corruption in the area. They seemed to have no expectation of police intervention, and no officer ever showed up to do anything about it. There were rarely police in the neighborhood, with dealers operating out of the same residences, motel units and trailers for many years.

This area is a stop along the way for all illegal activity. Drugs have to come through here on the way to other places. Organized crime began investing in attorneys instead of guns. There seemed to be a strategy of using these tactics instead of gun violence in the area. The families in the area all seemed to be coordinated in driving out people who don't belong in the area. The fraudulent evictions by Atlas Property Management seemed to be more than a plot to make money off of evictions, they coordinated with connected property owners and tenants to keep white people from living there.

The neighborhood is at the end of a real estate development program that started years earlier. The slums in this area are being replaced with new apartment complexes, starting at McClintock Dr, near Arizona State University, along Main St. This is the last section of blight before it turns into suburbs at Gilbert Rd, with parks full of homeless people along the way.

Many of these homes never go on the open market, for fear of outsiders. There is a hyper-specific culture of event hall gatherings, gold-plated pistols, backyard parties, an unwillingness to work a normal job, cash-only businesses, filthy dilapidated buildings, tax evasion, and rampant crime that the state is unable to deal with.

At the end of a 1-year lease, I moved in with my family to get out of this place. I lived and worked for a year, then looked for another apartment of my own. When I moved out, I noticed at the new apartment, in Glendale², that the neighbors were again spying on me. When I used meth 8 months after I moved in, all hell broke loose. These people had followed me to this area and rented multiple apartments in the complex. They had upgraded their gas-lighting³ program to include placing speakers in the walls from adjoining apartments. They had convinced the neighborhood kids to help with their murder plot.

They used a stolen power of attorney, through forgery, to get keys to my apartment from the landlord, and gave the keys to these people. The keys were then used to put research chemicals in my water bottles to try the research chemicals plan again. The person pretending to be my lawyer showed up at the hospital to attempt to have me committed, but law enforcement was by then aware of the plot, and refused to comply with them. The lawyer then had hit men try to shoot me, but law enforcement again prevented them. I was not allowed to turn over evidence to the Phoenix PD, and was never allowed to file a police report.

I assumed the situation was dealt with by then, and moved back in with family. These deranged individuals then followed me to Sun City West, and tried the bath salts plan once again. They failed again, and I am waiting for the courts to deal with the problem of a stolen power of attorney. I contacted several attorneys about this fraud, but they don't seem to be able to deal with it. I tried to find out the name of whoever stole my power of attorney, but there is apparently no way to check that. Police have tried to keep these people from doing what they do, but lawyers apparently get to do whatever they want. No governmental agency has any interest in dealing with organized crime, and the few who are willing are completely unable to do so. People with money and connections are getting away with murder, framing, and fraud. Police do not have the resources to investigate serious crime, and the untold number of victims, and their

families, have little to no recourse.

These people use tactics that would make the victim seem delusional, and anyone who accuses them will be accused of framing. A connected lawyer has many people that will lie under oath to corroborate any story. These lawyers can get a case thrown out, and know how to manufacture evidence. A community of willing participants can work together to corroborate the story of a criminal, or work against anyone accusing their friends. False accusations can even be used to devalue testimony. It doesn't cost them anything to get a kid to lie about seeing something, but being able to run a neighborhood around here allows them to flood the streets with meth, fentanyl, and whatever else. Dealers used to come to this area to resupply, and people tend to ask you who you know when you come here. These people grew up in this environment, and have no qualms about doing the most nauseating things you can imagine. The people here all seem traumatized and hostile.

These people have come up with any number of new ways to get away with murder. They can pipe Co2 from a soda machine tank, through walls, to cut off the oxygen to the Spanglers went back and forth between the two apartments constantly the whole apartment. They can hang onto an especially strong fentanyl pill, get in with a lock pick or key, and kill anybody. They can shoot you, and put the gun in your hand afterward, and nobody would assume you didn't kill yourself, with there being no sign of forced entry. Even a simple car accident could be used, someone tried to run my crown vic off the road, but got a random bystander instead.

Someone with a stolen power of attorney can "visit" your room in the ER or state hospital. Research chemicals can be used on anybody to make the appearance of an overdose or heart attack that would give anybody with power of attorney free reign to take over your life or your finances. Lawyers can steal your house, your inheritance, anything else, and it happens every day in probate court. When the victim is still alive to tell the story, nobody cares, which highlights the issue even more. Most of the victims of these things are not around to tell their side of the story. Two connected lawyers can coordinate to make the case turn out however they want. The cases are solely decided upon by evidence, and a lawyer knows how how to create evidence.

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3-
Gaslighting was mentioned by 3tv local news in 2014. It is the act of tapping on the walls like it was a fishtank, and saying preposterous threatening things that the neighbor can hear. It is almost beyond hearing, and is difficult to record. The victims of this have been shown to exhibit alcoholism, self harm, and various self-destructive tendencies. It is done in this case to try to ruin the life of the victim, but also to frame the victim for hallucinations, and discount the testimony of the individual in a court of law. The fishtank tactic was mentioned in a scientific journal as a thing that would cause someone to kill themselves, but they break in and shoot people to make it seem that way.